THE EFFUSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP AND FANCY.

VOL. I.

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THE EFFUSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP AND FANCY.

In ſeveral LETTERS to and from SELECT FRIENDS.

John Langhorne

The SECOND EDITION,
With large ADDITIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

In TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME I.

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LETTER I.

THE late amiable Mr. Shenſtone uſed frequently to ſay, that *he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him.* Thoſe friends, you may ſuppoſe, were ready enough to congratulate him, on this twofold capacity of happineſs, and on that felicity of temper which could receive pleaſure from the different circumſtances of ſolitude and ſociety. "Mr. Shenſtone," would they ſay, "how peculiarly happy "muſt you be!—when alone, you enjoy "the moſt ſingular delight in indulging the "purſuits of a refined and elegant imagina-"tion—you borrow the moſt enchanting "pleaſures from the beauties of Nature, "and you repay her for thoſe pleaſures,

" by drawing the happieſt pictures of her
" works in their original ſimplicity.——
" You are her lover upon principles that
" do her the greateſt honour, and you have
" therefore a right to every favour ſhe can
" beſtow.

" When you forſake the viſionary enjoy-
" ments of ſolitude, and mix with ſociety,
" you acknowledge your happineſs to be
" greater than before:—when you have your
" friends about you, your enjoyments are
" complete.—How much are you to be en-
" vied! ſince in theſe circumſtances you
" muſt always be happy; for it is, ſurely,
" impoſſible for any man to converſe with
" Mr. Shenſtone without being or becoming
" his friend."

" No," he would reply, " your
" compliments and your concluſions are
" equally

" equally too great.———Could I make
" friends of all that have my kind wiſhes,
" or benevolent inclinations, I ſhould have
" none about me who might not honour me
" with that title. But I meet with numbers
" who are alike incapable of being my
" Friends and of giving me pleaſure.—It is
" the misfortune of thoſe whoſe minds have
" any peculiar turn, to meet with few who
" can afford them entertainment in ſociety;
" and it is particularly unfortunate for men
" of abſtracted purſuits, that they can rarely
" meet with a congeniality either of ſenti-
" ment or temper.—There are, indeed, ſome
" few whom I properly call my Friends, and
" in whoſe company I cannot but be more
" happy than in any ſolitary indulgences of
" imagination: but, how ſeldom is it that
" you will allow me theſe extraordinary en-
" joyments!—you, though my Friends, I
" muſt accuſe of being like the reſt of the

 " world,

" world, and muſt ſay, ſo ſeldom do I ſee " you, that you will not ſuffer much to " make any man happy."

WHAT think you of a man of ſuch a mind, and ſuch a turn of converſation?—— You will think aright, if you conclude that he deſerved much happineſs, and enjoyed little.

LET-

LETTER II.

NAME it not, my friend! Tell me no more of the power of Reaſon to wean the heart from long attachments! I know how impotent, how very ineffectual the application.—Whatever the imagination has long embraced, it will not let go its hold of that, unleſs it graſp at ſome other object of a ſimilar nature.

In vain, therefore, will you endeavour to cure your patient of his preſent malady by any moral or philoſophical regimen—in vain will you lay before him precepts of fortitude and patience.—It is not his reaſon to which you are to apply. The diſorder lies in his imagination, and it is upon that only that you can work with ſucceſs.

He has loſt the partner of his affections: that misfortune is, indeed, one of the greateſt within the province of human calamity—— when an object which the heart has long embraced is torn from it, the chaſm which it leaves behind muſt be filled with horror. Tell him not how or what to think upon ſuch an occaſion—the thoughts are under no command, when the heart is not at reſt.

Be it your ſtudy rather to amuſe his imagination than to diſcipline his mind. Endeavour to draw it off to congenial ideas of equal tenderneſs, but leſs diſtreſs.—Paint ſimilar circumſtances of misfortune, but daſh the ground with hope, and with all thoſe little complacencies and conſolations, which the mind, even under the greateſt afflictions, not unwillingly derives from ſelf-flattery.

SOMETIMES remind your ſuffering friend of thoſe kind and tender attentions he ſhewed to that beloved partner he has loſt, when living. He will feel from thence, in ſome meaſure, the regret of departed pleaſures; but he will likewiſe obtain what is more than equivalent, and what, indeed, is the beſt of all conſolations, the delightful reflection of having done his duty; of having behaved with that tenderneſs, honour, and fidelity which were due to the more dependent aſſociate of his life and fortunes.—Such reflections will infallibly bring with them that complacency, to which the heart, always ready to court its own approbation, will give an eaſy admittance; and the tears which, poſſibly, he may ſhed over ſuch remembrances, will not be tears of miſery.

THERE are no connections in human life ſo invariably ſerene, that they do not ſome-

times languiſh under the ſhadow of diſcontent—little competitions and caſual uneaſineſs will daſh the pureſt cup of love—but name not theſe; nor ever make uſe of them as any argument of conſolation. When we lament the loſs of great happineſs, we find little ſatisfaction in being exempt from thoſe ſlight diſturbances that might attend it; and a generous mind would ſuffer the greateſt pain in the recollection of having occaſioned ſome part of ſuch uneaſineſs.——Should you ever perceive your friend under a diſtreſs of this kind, (for I apprehend that even he may reflect on ſome things which he would blame) charge him with the vanity of being thought more than a man. Tell him that to repine at accidental frailties, is to repine that he was not born in ſome order of ſuperior beings.

If he is inclined to ſolitude and private reflection, indulge him even with that; but

let

let not ſuch receſſes be either frequent or long. The mind, during ſhort intervals of lonely thought, endeavours to rectify and recollect itſelf; while long indulgences of that kind, under the influence of ſorrow, will reduce that ſorrow to a habit.

But ſtill remember that your principal care and addreſs muſt be employed upon the imagination. If you can obtain an influence over that, your point is carried.—In order to pay your court to it in the moſt effectual manner, you muſt make many conceſſions, and appear to ſoothe and indulge it upon its favourite ſubject, even while you are artfully drawing it off to the purſuit of others.

The tranſition from gloomy and melancholy ideas to happier and more ſerene attentions cannot ſuddenly be effected;—the maladies of the mind, like thoſe of the body, muſt

muſt be removed gradually; but in the former, as well as in the latter, it is in the power of art to be of much ſervice—you will ſhew yours in accelerating the progreſs of your friend from great affliction, to a ſtate of contentment. You will ſhew your ſkill no leſs than your friendſhip, in drawing him by imperceptible means, from painful and diſtreſſing reflections to the ſofter ſhades of ſorrow; from thence to the evenneſs of placid reſignation; and forward to the mild dawnings of hope.

YOUR office is the nobleſt, the moſt delightful that honours the province of human virtue. To communicate happineſs is worthy the ambition of beings ſuperior to man; for it is the firſt principle of action with the Author of all exiſtence.——It was GOD that taught it as a virtue—it is God that gives the example.

LET-

LETTER III.

IT is true, I did expect to find ſome ſincerity amongſt men of cultivated minds.—I ſhould have thought that the embelliſhments of taſte, and of the more humanizing philoſophy, would at leaſt have inſpired a love of truth and honour; and that the contemplation of what was beautiful in the works of art and nature, might naturally have inſpired a regard for the moral beauty.

BUT this, I find, is not the caſe, where there is the leaſt opportunity of being corrupted by the commerce of public life. With the loſs of that ſimplicity of heart and manners which can never live in the air of a court, the attachment to truth, and the love of ſincerity inſenſibly vaniſh.

THOSE

THOSE who are habitually accuſtomed to withhold the heart, and to maſk the mind (which is even neceſſary for ſuch as mingle with the world) by degrees loſe the very idea of ſincerity, and their conduct, as well as ſentiments, becomes entirely artificial.

Is it then to be wondered at, that fraud and treachery, and deceit and diſſimulation, are ſo frequently to be found in the higher ranks of life? Are not theſe the very natural conſequence of their manners? Thoſe who look for honeſty or ſincerity amongſt the great, if they ſhould, as infallibly they muſt, be diſappointed, ought by no means to blame thoſe by whom they were deceived.—The cauſe of their diſappointment lay in their own ignorance.—They ought to have acquainted themſelves, that truth never exiſted within the precincts of a court, and that it was morally impoſſible for any man who had long

long and neceſſarily been accuſtomed to inſincerity, to have the leaſt regard for his promiſe.

We ought entirely to be reconciled to impoſſibilities. It would be ſuperfluous to complain that we were deceived by the profeſſions of any great man, at the ſame time that it would argue the moſt abſolute ignorance of the world.—It would be ſuperfluous to complain, and it would be abſurd to reproach him. Inſincerity is his fort, the aſylum in which he finds a refuge from a thouſand inconveniencies.

Nay, ſo neceſſary is this, that truth itſelf would, in ſuch a man, be a weakneſs. It would be as uſeleſs to him as Saul's armour to David; and it would, therefore, be the laſt degree of folly for him to take the trouble of ſuch a load. The armour of deceit,

ceit, though not always impenetrable, is light and convenient; and, thence ariſes the wiſdom of wearing it.

FROM henceforth, let no man expect any thing but diſſimulation within the province of the Great, and none will ever have the mortification to be diſappointed.

LET-

LETTER IV.

O NATURE! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous I bend before thy holy ſhrine:
To other hands be Fortune's goods aſſign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, only grant me thine.

Bring gentleſt Love, bring Fancy to my breaſt;
And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
Would ſometimes deign to be my evening gueſt,
Or near my lone ſhed not unkindly ſtray;

I aſk no more; for happier gifts than theſe,
The ſufferer, man, was never born to prove.
But may my ſoul eternal ſlumbers ſeize,
If loſt to Genius, Fancy, and to Love!

Such, my friend, were the verſes you alluded to, but which at that time I was unable to recollect. You had ſome ſhadow of objection to the ſentiment in the laſt ſtanza, and I ſuppoſe you concluded that life might ſtill

have ſomething in it worth the living for, though deſtitute of every circumſtance in the laſt-quoted verſe.—Doubtleſs there are numbers for whom it might have attractions entirely excluſive of theſe; but you will conſider that thoſe verſes were not intended as an univerſal prayer, being calculated merely for private devotion.

EVERY man has his peculiar ſources of enjoyment, and my opinion here goes no farther, than that when thoſe ſources are exhauſted or loſt, life is a tenement that is no longer worth occupying. What pleaſure can there be in cultivating a field which will never produce thoſe fruits that alone would reward the pains of the tiller? What can be the conſequence but to load the barren ſoil with curſes, and to repine at the waſte of weariſome labours? For, ſuch is the condition of life, that we muſt be at ſome care

and pains, even to live; and when thoſe cares are ſoftened by nothing that is delightful, nothing that is agreeable, it becomes a very wretched appointment, a farm for which the tenant pays a heavy rent and ſtarves.

For my own part, I would never wiſh to ſurvive either the means, or the capacities of enjoyment. It is certainly the moſt abject ſtate of mind, and argues the moſt deplorable fear of death, to wiſh either a painful or a joyleſs exiſtence prolonged! Yet, what numbers are liable to theſe imputations! What abſurd deſires do we find for the continuance of inſipidity and even of miſery! Groveling, low-thoughted creatures, what is it that ye fear? Ye load with curſes the barren ſoil ye occupy, but ye dread to be diſpoſſeſt. Ye would rather become hewers of wood, and drawers of water, than receive a warning to

leave the wretched premiſes——well are ye worthy of the miſeries ye hold ſo faſt.

WOULD you ſcruple, my Friend, to join in this apoſtrophe? If not—would you not bluſh to be afraid of Death when you meet him? Pardon me! I hope you will never be in ſuch circumſtances as ſhall make you wiſh for him, and I am convinced that in no circumſtances you will be afraid to meet him.

LET-

LETTER V.

I KNOW of no reaſon for the common obſervation, that a man's wiſdom can only be known from the will that he makes, except this, that men, in general, act more fooliſhly in that than in any other circumſtance of their lives.

BUT when our old acquaintance applied that axiom to himſelf, with what propriety might we have obſerved, that though a man's wiſdom ſhould not appear before his will, his virtue could not appear after it!—If virtue be, as it certainly is, the beſt and moſt eſſential part of wiſdom, being the means of that happineſs which wiſdom propoſes as its end, then how idly founded is the current obſervation!

You ſhall permit me to give you ſome account of a character which will directly prove its fallacy; a character in all reſpects the reverſe of our old acquaintance!

A BENEVOLENT old man, without the leaſt tincture of ſelfiſhneſs, is, you muſt own, an extraordinary perſon, but a benevolent old batchelor is a phœnomenon which may juſtly excite our wonder.—The natural peeviſhneſs of age in a man who has ſurvived the capacities of pleaſure, and the ſelfiſh turn of temper which generally takes place in that period, frequently mark the characters of thoſe who have been ſoftened by domeſtic endearments and alliances; but amongſt thoſe who have had no ſuch humanizing connections, who have paſſed through life in joyleſs and ſolitary celibacy, it is almoſt wonderful to find any traces of humanity.—Nevertheleſs, my benevolent old man is humanity itſelf.

ſelf. Two thirds, at leaſt, of his fortune, which is rather competent than ample, he has divided amongſt his relations, and is ſo far from expecting any extraordinary deference on that account, that he will not even be treated with the reſpect due to a father. To ſee them happy is the only view, the only deſire he appears to have; nor will he ſuffer the leaſt reſtraining ſenſe of obligation to ſit on their countenances a moment. He will not ſuffer that eaſe, that freedom and independency which they derive from his beneficence, to labour under the weight of their own gratitude.

But it is not merely to his own relations that his kindneſs is thus extended.—My benevolent old man is a parent to all.—His charity runs ſo deep and ſilent that it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover it.—He is unaffectedly ſtrict in his injunctions of ſecrecy to thoſe he

relieves, but it is eaſy to perceive in the countenances of the poor that are around him, the anxious reſpectfulneſs of ſilent gratitude.

If you have the good fortune, and THE HONOUR to be in his company, you muſt obſerve that he derives his whole pleaſure apparently from yours; his ſpirits ſeem to move in ſympathy with your own, and he is happy in proportion as he believes you to be ſo.

WHAT an amiable, what an excellent creature! How much ſuperior to heroes and princes is THE MAN OF ASHFORD!

LET-

LETTER VI.

BLAME not theſe idle dreams, my friend!—Were it not for theſe, life would ſtagnate.—Speculation is to the mind, what exerciſe is to the body; it preſerves the intellectual faculties in an active and vigorous ſtate, and prevents that languor and heavineſs of apprehenſion, which are almoſt always the conſequence of an entire relaxation of thought.

IT is for this reaſon, that when I have nothing more neceſſary to attend to, (which, indeed, is often the caſe, as a man without connections has but few cares) I give my mind an airing in the regions of viſionary exiſtence.

THERE is one agreeable circumſtance attending theſe worlds of our own making, which is, that we can make them after our own hearts. Whatever mode of life we conceive to be moſt productive of happineſs, that we naturally introduce into our Arcadian dominions, and baniſh from thence every paſſion or purſuit to which we have a natural or moral averſion.

IT is ſome conſolation, in a ſtate of being which is expoſed to many evils, to contemplate more happy and more perfect conditions of exiſtence. While the eye is attentive to theſe, it is drawn off from diſagreeable objects; and thus, at leaſt, a negative happineſs is obtained by the deception.

FOR this, and for other reaſons of the ſame kind, I have been always pleaſed with the poetical invention of *the golden age*. When we

we are preſented with delightful pictures of life, the caſual regret which compariſon may occaſion is by no means to be weighed againſt the pleaſure we derive from beholding even the poſſibility of human happineſs.——From ſcenes of virtuous ſimplicity and innocent enjoyment, we borrow the moſt flattering ſatisfaction;—we ſee at once the dignity and the felicity of human nature; and for a while forget what we are liable to ſuffer, by thinking of what we have a capacity to enjoy.

THESE repreſentations of paſt happineſs have likewiſe another advantage, which recommends them to us not a little.—The perſons that enjoyed that happineſs are no more; and are, conſequently, no objects either of our jealouſy or envy. Were there any people now upon earth, who, from the bounty of nature, ſhould poſſeſs ſuch ſuperior

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privileges, the pleaſure with which we might behold them would hardly be unenvious.

I SHALL take the liberty to mention one reflection more, which occurs to me upon this occaſion; becauſe I know it will not be diſagreeable to that moral, or rather religious habit of mind, which carries its influence through your whole life.

MAN, in every country, and in every period of time, of which we have obtained the leaſt information, has always had a natural idea of a more perfect ſtate of happineſs than he enjoyed.—Will Nature deceive her children? we have no reaſon to think ſo.

LETTER VII.

HOW happy, my dear friend, are thoſe minds, which get wiſdom as it were by intuition! While ſome are ſlowly purchaſing it at the dear mart of experience, and paying a high price for thoſe circumſtances of knowledge, which they may never after have the leaſt occaſion for, others ſeem rather to poſſeſs it from inſtinct, than to acquire it from experience, and to ſet out upon the journey of life, ſupplied by Nature with a chart of the way they ſhould travel, and perfectly guarded againſt every danger.

THE lot of theſe is, indeed, in many reſpects, to be envied; for it is a miſerable thing to be for ever purchaſing, at the expence of pain and inconvenience, that wiſdom which ſhould ſerve for the various purpoſes

poſes of life. The prudential knowledge we may have acquired from the experience of one year may be very inadequate to the exigencies of another, and ſo various are the occurrences of the little exiſtence through which we paſs, that if we have no other ſource of uſeful and neceſſary knowledge than in our own practice, we may be for ever learning what we have always occaſion to know.

THERE is another ſource, and that is obſervation; but this is not acceſſible to all. Thoſe who paſs through the leſs-frequented walks of life behold but few events, and have but little opportunity of tracing effects to their cauſes, and, conſequently, of learning, from ſpeculation, in cauſes to behold their effects.

THE principles of reaſon in ſuch people direct them to little more than the diſtinctions

of

of right and wrong. Unpractiſed in the ſchool of human kind, they act under the firſt influences of natural ſentiments, and are utter ſtrangers to all thoſe manœuvres of addreſs, and unintentional appearances that take place in the habits of artificial life.—Should their ill-fortune, therefore, lead them into ſuch a region, they would be eternally liable to mortifications, impoſitions, and diſappointments. —The buſineſs of life would be to learn again, and they would be once more reduced to the ſtate of childhood.

Is it poſſible that your ſequeſtered friend ſhould, at this time of life, think of mingling with the buſy world?—Your truly paſtoral friend, than whom no antediluvian could be more a ſtranger to the preſent ſtate of men! For heaven's ſake awake him from his dream. Tell him that the golden age is paſt—that vanity, ſubtlety, ſophiſtry and deſign run through

through the whole commerce of the *men of the world*, and that he will meet with no human creature in the public ſphere of life that will love him half ſo well as his dog.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

I AM much obliged to you for the fantaſtic, but beautiful preſent you ſent me.——Yet the *Luſus Naturæ* are not, methinks, ſo uncommon as you repreſent them, nor are they confined either to what we call the animal, or the vegetable creation.——The moral, or if it will gratify you more, the rational world is full of them. Nature ſeems to amuſe herſelf with making odd creatures of every ſpecies, and not leſs particularly of the human. For to what can we aſcribe the ſtrange qualities and diſpoſitions of ſome men, but to the *Luſus Naturæ?*

WHAT is the fop, whoſe paſſions center in lace and feathers, but a *Luſus Naturæ?* What is the ſelf-valued philoſopher, who re-

tires to a cell in hopes of being diſtinguiſhed, but a *Luſus Naturæ?* The cynic who barks at ſociety, and the coxcomb who figures in it, what are they, but *Luſus Naturæ?* The grave ſcientific fool, who, on the ſcore of his no-learning, deſpiſes all that breathe not academic air, is a *Luſus Naturæ.* The myſtick, and the metaphyſical divine; the *Hutchinſonian,* the ſage *Hutchinſonian,* with his haſh'd cherub, compoſed of beef and poultry and veniſon, which he calls a ſymbol of three gods; the methodiſt diſtributing damnation from his ſtool in Moorfields, and the cit's conſcious wife quaking before his throne; all theſe are *Luſus Naturæ.* But the proceſſion ends not here. The religious chymiſt, who toils in the ſearch of occult qualities, has his counterparts in the chymical critic, the chymical politician, and the chymical philoſopher: all the ſons of ſyſtem and conjecture (and numerous is the family) are *Luſus Naturæ.* The whole

race

race of vanity and affectation, the prudiſh maid and the painted matron, the maſculine nymph and the effeminate ſwain, are the genuine *Luſus Naturæ*. In ſhort, whatever character is out of the bounds of reaſon or propriety, to me it appears a *Luſus Naturæ*.

LETTER IX.

OPEN your heart, and make room for mankind. What are modes of faith, or ceremonies of worſhip, to the obligations of ſociety? What is it to a man's ſocial character whether he eats fiſh or fleſh on certain days, or whether he believes in legends, or laughs at them? Ninety-nine out of a hundred follow the religion of their fathers, without ever enquiring into the merits, either of different profeſſions or of their own; and I am not about to pay you ſo great a compliment as to ſuppoſe that, if you had been born of popiſh parents, you would now have been a proteſtant.

I *am* angry with you; for, why did you look with leſs charity on Mr. * *, who accompanied me in my laſt viſit, than that gentleman

man deſerved? But I will puniſh you for this foible.——I will come and fill your houſe with hereſy and ſchiſm. I intend to bring two papiſts, a moravian, a methodiſt, a dipper, and a free-thinker with me; and to convince you that I am in earneſt, you ſhall have a liſt of my company.

THE two papiſts are *Virgil* and *Tibullus*. The firſt is a ſtrenuous advocate for purgatory, as appears from the following paſſage in his writings.

Quin et ſupremo cum lumine vita reliquit;
Non tamen omne malum miſeris, nec funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedunt peſtes, penituſque neceſſe eſt
Multa diu concreta modis inoleſcere miris.
Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumq; malorum
Supplicia expendunt———

THE ſecond, *Tibullus*, has written in defence of image-worſhip, and the doctrine of

merits. Thus clearly he expreſſes himſelf on theſe points.

Nec ſpes deſtituat ———
Nam veneror, ſeu ſtipes habet deſertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida ſerta lapis.

Such are my papiſts—and now for the moravian, whoſe name is *Catullus*. You have read *Rimius*, and are acquainted with the amorous doctrines of that ſect. Exactly of a piece with thoſe are the following verſes of this *Catullus*. They are addreſſed to *a ſiſter of love*, and, for the benefit of Mrs. ****, I have tranſlated them from the Latin.

Leſbia, live to love and pleaſure,
Careleſs what the grave may ſay.
When each moment is a treaſure,
Why ſhould lovers loſe a day?

Setting ſun's ſhall riſe in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the ſtory:
We ſhall ſleep; and wake no more.

Give me then a thouſand kiſſes, &c.

THE name of the methodiſt I ſhall bring with me, is *Plato*, and his diſcourſe turns chiefly on reveries and raptures, and lights and viſions.

MY dipper is a fine old Grecian, called *Anacreon*, but ſuch a bigot is he to the perſwaſion of dipping that he is eternally talking about it.

Come fill, my girls, fill high the Bowl,
And let me *drench* my fev'riſh ſoul.
Fill the bowl, boy, fill it high,
Let me *flood* my ſoul with joy.

Add ſ. n.

THE free-thinker is *Lucretius*, a very noiſy, ſophiſtical fellow, ſo you are likely to have a bleſſed time of it.

LETTER X.

APPROVE! I admire your generoſity to the unhappy Frenchman. Are we not citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow ſubjects of the univerſal monarch? Is not the univerſe our home? And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or ſociety. I own, I never ſee any of thoſe poor fellows, who are kept here as priſoners of war, without real concern—more, I think, than I ſhould feel either for myſelf or for my countrymen, were an equal number of us to be in their circumſtances, ſtrangers and priſoners. What I am going to tell you will give you an odd idea of me, and may poſſibly excite your laughter; but I will acknowledge, nevertheleſs, that not the moſt affecting or intereſting events of hiſtory ever moved

moved me ſo much as the following ſimple ſtory, which I read in a news-paper, viz. that a poor French priſoner, who had agreed with the maſter of a veſſel to work, during his paſſage, for ſo much a day, was by that maſter refuſed his wages when he came on ſhore. What a roar of ridicule would this raiſe in the *laudable* ſociety of Antigallicans! The preſident would pronounce me frenchified, and Dr. *F**** would preach a ſermon to prove it! Sure I am, however, that theſe ſenſations are right, becauſe they are natural. Were we not to feel for *the ſtranger, and him that hath no helper*, ſhould we not rank with the village curs, that all join to worry a four-legged ſtranger, merely becauſe he is a ſtranger, and has four legs?

I WILL not attempt to account for thoſe compaſſionate ſentiments we feel for diſtreſs, or that indignation which is excited by the

appearance of oppreſſion; but I will maintain that they are the diſtinguiſhing honour of human nature; and what philoſopher will be ſuch an enemy to ſociety as to aſſert the contrary?

PERHAPS there is no nation upon earth more diſtinguiſhed for charity than our own; but I am ſorry to obſerve that our charity is too limited, too partial. We can comprehend cities and towns, and ſects and ſocieties, in our ſcheme of benevolence, but we cannot comprehend mankind. *Hoſpitibus feri* we have been, and we are. The charity of an Engliſhman is bounded, like his country, by St. George's channel, the ocean, and the Tweed. If an Iriſhman viſit us, he is a ſharper of ſome denomination, beyond a doubt. If a Scotchman diſtinguiſheth himſelf among us, he has fled from poverty, diſeaſe and dirt, to the elegance and plenty of Old England.

England. If a Frenchman comes over, he was weary of ſoup meagre, and his only errand was to devour our roaſt-beef. Nay, I remember a pamphlet intitled, "Seaſonable "reflections on the importance of the name "of England," and written, if I miſtake not, by the above-mentioned Dr. *F****. However, let us flatter ourſelves that theſe foibles proceed from the exceſs of a virtue, and are derived in general from an enthuſiaſtic love of our country. But let *us*, my friend, make our patriotiſm like our religion, rational; nor ever let our hearts be ſo overſtocked with the love of one nation, as to ſhut out the reſt of mankind from our benevolence.

LET-

LETTER XI.

THERE is a happineſs in being a fool, if a man is inſenſible of his folly, but to be a fool and to know it, is miſerable indeed.—To have juſt ſo much light ſtream through a chink of the ſoul, as is ſufficient to diſcover the darkneſs and emptineſs of the whole manſion, muſt be dreadful. How ſtrangely would a man be ſtartled, were he directed by ſuch a ray of light to a full view of his mind! I believe there are very few who could behold the ſcene without diſſatisfaction: Yet, it were to be wiſhed that we could extend the philoſophy of optics ſo far as to procure a *microſcope for the mind*; but I would have the uſe of it lie under theſe reſtrictions. In the firſt place, no fool, reputedly ſuch, ſhould be permitted to apply it,

it, any more than a ſword ſhould be put into the hand of a madman; for the ſight might make him miſerable, but it would not make him wiſe. In the next place, I would have it ſo conſtructed that it could not be applied to the breaſt of another, for that would break in pieces the whole chain of ſociety. Huſbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and ſiſters, would, in many a family, be at open war. PEACE would entirely deſert the court, and ſhe would ſcarce find refuge in the hamlet: The competitors for wealth and power would be ſhocked with the execrable wiſhes and deſigns of each other; and the hard-handed peaſant would behold his neighbour thirſting for his funeral, and his farm. Nevertheleſs, there are two characters to whom I would have it applied, viz. the fanatic and the ſycophant, and at the ſame time I would have them ſenſible of its application. Such ridi-

culous

culous circumſtances would be the moſt adequate puniſhment imaginable.

I OWN there are a few more characters, to which, out of mere curioſity, I could wiſh to apply the mental microſcope. Among the firſt of theſe I would chuſe a miſer for my ſpeculation; for though it may be eaſy to gueſs at the general furniture of his mind, yet it would be curious to ſee the diſpoſition of that furniture; to mark in what ſnug repoſitories, bonds and bills, and deeds of mortgage were laid up; to behold the ſubtle labyrinths that were pregnant with ſchemes of cent per cent, and to ſee *Calculation* ſitting on the memory, with a table of compound intereſt in her hand.

FINALLY, before I parted with my glaſs, I would have a glance at your mind, where, I ſuppoſe, I ſhould ſee *Tom Jones*, and *Martini's*

tini's concertos, in a diſtinguiſhed point of view; but if you, in return, ſhould be determined to look into mine, I aſſure you, that you would be diſappointed, for you would ſcarce ſee any thing there but yourſelf.

LET-

LETTER XII.

IF I could envy the man I love, I ſhould look with an evil eye upon *you*; not on account of your late acquiſitions, believe me; nor yet that you are five years younger, and four inches taller than myſelf. All theſe things I can bear, as becometh a philoſopher, and a chriſtian. But that you ſhould have, or pretend to have, ſo much indifference to the events of human life, provokes me beyond all patience. What! ſhall a man, who is grown pale over Seneca, and Epictetus, and Antoninus, who has outwatched the weary hour of midnight, in treaſuring up aphoriſms, and enabling himſelf to think and talk learnedly *de contemptu mundi*——ſhall ſuch a one be out-theoried, out-practiſed by a boy? There is no bearing it.

BUT are you really that indifferent, happy creature you repreſent yourſelf to be? It may be ſo. There is a conſtitutional, as well as a philoſophical indifference, which may properly enough be called *natural* philoſophy. I will allow you that, but have too much envy to compliment you with the other.

LISTEN, however, to one ſerious truth, which, I find, I have ill-nature enough to tell you. There is no knowing how the heart will bear thoſe misfortunes which have been contemplated, but never felt. We are but little affected by a diſtant view of evil, and it is good for our peace that it ſhould be ſo. If your philoſophy be merely ideal, my envy is gone; and of that kind I am willing to flatter myſelf it is; for what have you met with ſufficient to exerciſe the patience of a philoſopher? Have you encountered any of thoſe dreadful diſtreſſes that rend the heart,

and

and ſhake the brain? Has the boſom of love or friendſhip been chilled in your ſupporting arms by the hand of death? Have you parted from all that was dear to you, in deſpair of ever beholding or enjoying the object more? If you have endured thoſe things with indifference, you are a philoſopher indeed; but if you have ſuffered them only in imagination, you have nothing whereof to boaſt. I have known you almoſt ever ſince you entered into this world, and I cannot recollect any thing of which you had cauſe to complain. Happier than I have been, who hardly ever knew a father, and was called to weep over the grave of an excellent mother, before I had it in my power to give her any teſtimony of my gratitude, you ſtill live in the ſunſhine of parental love, and whenever that is clouded, I dare ſay your ſenſibility will get the better of your philoſophy.

BUT I find I am loſing very faſt the good humour with which I ſat down to write to you: I will therefore put an end to this ſcrawl, after I have told you, that though I frequently wiſh for that inſenſibility, on which the eaſe of the heart depends, I never admire thoſe who are poſſeſſed of it. *Equidem invideo, non miror.* And I think I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, could I walk the ſtage of life, like ſome impaſſive alderman,

> With thoughtleſs eye, and ſauntering pace,
> And broad felicity of face.

BUT be you wiſer than I am, and cheriſh that indifference of which you boaſt.

LETTER XIII.

HOW far a wiſe man ought to be affected by the opinion of others, is an important queſtion. It concerns the happineſs of you and me, and every man; and I thank you for calling upon me to conſider it.

I HAVE conſidered it, and conclude that we ought not to be affected by the opinions of any but wiſe and good men; and even by theirs, only ſo far as they evidently coincide with truth and our own conſcience.

BY this rule we ſhall reduce our cenſors to a very ſmall number; for take mankind in the groſs, and that two thirds of them will come under the denomination of fools or knaves is beyond a doubt. What opinion either of

theſe may form of us, it is, certainly, never worth our while to know. A fool cannot form any abſtract idea of your character, and a knave will never entertain a juſt one. The firſt cannot trace an action to its principle, and the latter will aſſign to the principle the complexion of his own. To be under any concern, therefore, what ſentiments theſe may entertain of us, would be to partake of the folly of the fool, and to give force to the malignity of the knave.

But if we fall under the cenſure of wiſe and good men, we ought to make a ſevere ſcrutiny into that part of our conduct, which has drawn upon us their diſpleaſure. Such men never cenſure without cauſe, and, though they may be miſtaken, yet, even in that caſe, we ſhould endeavour to juſtify our conduct as well to them as to ourſelves. Happy is the man who has a wife, an honeſt, and a candid

friend, who will not ſcruple to point out to him the defect, which lies too near his own eye to be ſeen. O for ſuch a friend! How ſhould I rejoice in his correction!

THUS far ſhould every man be affected by cenſure, as to his moral and ſocial character. And now I know you will expect that I ſhould obſerve how far an author ought to be concerned by it, as it may affect his literary reputation.

IN this caſe the ſame rule may be obſerved as in the other. Conſider your critics. Only in this caſe your cenſors will be much fewer, for inſtead of admitting the opinions of a third part of mankind, not one in a thouſand ſhould have the leaſt weight with you. Not one in a thouſand is capable of judging of the works of imagination at all, and of the finer efforts of that faculty, ſuch as abſtracted

poetry,

poetry, &c. not one in ten thouſand can form any adequate idea. How few, then, are thoſe of whoſe praiſe the poet need be ambitious! How few whoſe cenſure he need regard!

THE thirſt of univerſal applauſe muſt be a very troubleſome ſenſation, and yet we often find it to be the *infirmity of noble minds*, which we ſee miſled by falſe delicacy and haunted by the chimæra of vulgar opinion. What ridiculous, what romantic actions have been derived from this ſource! What fools and madmen, what *Buckinghams* and *Whartons* has it made!

LETTER XIV.

I HAVE lately met with a very curious piece of ancient criticiſm, entitled "A "Comparyſonne of the different worthyneſſe "of thoſe great Poets, *John Hopkins* and *Tho-* "*mas Sternhold.*" BY A LEARNED CLERK. I believe this is a very ſcarce tract, and ſhall therefore tranſcribe part of it for you. This learned clerk, you will find, is often in the right, though he ſometimes miſtakes the matter; and, perhaps, you will think him a better critic than Dryden, with reſpect to that famous paſſage in Sternhold, which Dryden profeſſedly admired.

"It hath full ſorely grieved me, ſays he, that the name of Thomas Sternhold ſhould ſtand before the name of John Hopkins in the

the booke of Pſalmody; for I profeſſe that maſter Hopkins maketh much pleaſaunter melody."

PSALM xxx. The followinge verſes runne marvellous ſmoothe and lightly from the toungue.

What gain is in my blood, ſaid I,
If death deſtroy my days?
Can duſt declare thy majeſty,
Or give thy truth its praiſe?

MASTER Hopkins underſtoode the daintie arte of making his lines ſound like his meaning, as appeareth from his forcing the voice to ſound forth *inge*, in the worde ſounding*e*, as followeth:

PSALM XXXIII.

Praiſe ye the Lord with harpe, and ſing
To him with pſaltery:
With ten-ſtring'd inſtrument ſound*inge*:
Praiſe ye the Lord on high.

THERE is moreover maney times a daintie ſimpleneſſe and eke a tenderneſſe of his expreſſion, as in Pſalm xxxv.

As they had been my brethren dear
I did myſelfe behave,
As one that mourneth heavily
Aboute his mother's grave.

HE interrogateth with good rhetorique and cleane language.

PSALM LXXVII.

What, is his goodneſſe quite decay'd,
And paſſed cleane awaye?
Or is his promiſe now delay'd?
And doth his truth decaye?

HE was moſt covetous of the words *ſtout and ſtrong*, which thing teſtyfyeth his judgemente, for theſe words bee exceedinge poeticalle.

PSALM

PSALM XXVII.

At length I know the Lord's good grace
  Shall make me *ſtrong and ſtout*,
My foes to foil and clean diſgrace
  That compaſs me about.

PSALM LXV.

With ſtrength thou art beſet about,
  And compaſs'd with thy power:
Thou mak'ſt the mountains *ſtrong and ſtout*,
  To ſtand in every ſhower.

PSALM LXXX.

The hills were cover'd round about
  With ſhade that from it came:
Alſo the cedars *ſtrong and ſtout*,
  With branches of the ſame.

PSALM XXXV.

Thou doſt defend the weak from them
  That are both *ſtout and ſtrong*;
And rid the poor from wicked men,
  That ſpoil and do them wrong.

But I am moſtly delighted with his xlvi pſalm, where ſome of the verſes are to be admired as the beautie of all poetrie.

No, though the ſea do rage ſo ſore,
That alle the bankes it ſpills,
And though it overflowe the ſhore,
And breake down mightie hills;

Yet one fair flood doth ſend abroad,
His pleaſaunt ſtreams apace,
To glad the citie of our God,
And waſh his holy place.

Master Sernhold was not ſo wiſe, foraſmuch as he was fulle often vulgareley low.

PSALM XLIV.

As ſheepe unto the ſhambles ſent,
Even ſo they deale with us.

And he calleth upon God to get up, as if he might be the chamberlain, Pſalm lxiv.

Up Lord! why ſleepeſt thou? awake!

And he preſenteth the Almightie as if he were ſmoking a pipe.

PSALM

PSALM XVIII.

And from his noſtrils went a ſmoke,
When kindled was his ire.

AND he maketh him ride upon the backs of cherubim as if he could not walk.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode.

THESE are the principal criticiſms: If you would ſee the whole, come to ******.

LET-

LETTER XV.

MELANCHOLY is the aſpect of *Ford-place!* I thought, as I paſſed it the other day, that the houſe itſelf ſeemed conſcious of being deſerted, all about it was ſo ſilent and ſolemn. The only living creatures I ſaw were two ſparrows and a redbreaſt. The ſparrows were fighting about a lodging in the roof; while the redbreaſt, perched upon the temple of Vulcan, ſung the following

MONODY.

The gentle pair that in theſe lonely ſhades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have ſeen,
Now all in vain I ſeek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daizied green.
For them I've warbled many a ſummer's day,
'Till the light dews impearled all the plain,

And

And the glad ſhepherd ſhut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and fond adventures old
Were the dear ſubjects of my tuneful ſtrain.

Ah! where is now the hope of all my lays?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the liſtening ear of praiſe.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry ſky
Scatter'd the white flood on the waſted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To ſoothe keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my ſongs might not be vain.
That oft within the hoſpitable hall
Some ſcatter'd fragment haply I might find
Some friendly crumb perchance for me deſign'd,
When ſeen deſpairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird! thoſe hopes are now no more!
Dull time has blaſted the departing year,
And winter frowns ſevere,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hoſpitable hall
The chearful ſound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near,
To ſee me drooping on the lonely wall.

Now you have heard a redbreaſt's ſong, you ſhall hear a ſong

To a Redbreaſt.

Little bird, with boſom red,
Welcome to my humble ſhed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me.
Pride and pleaſure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle ſong.

Daily near my table ſteal,
While I pick my ſcanty meal.
Doubt not, little tho' there be,
But I'll caſt a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I ſpy
Pleaſure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'ſt eat thy fill,
Plume thy breaſt, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again!
Well thou know'ſt the broken pane.
Aſk of me thy daily ſtore:
Go not near AVARO's door:
Once within his iron-hall,
Woeful end ſhall thee befall.

Savage!

Savage!——He would ſoon diveſt
Of its roſy plumes thy breaſt;
Nor ſhould innocence, or ſong,
Thy unpitied life prolong.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

I REJOICE in your good wiſhes, as they are a new proof of your regard for me, and as I am ſure they proceed from the tenderneſs of friendſhip. But what, my dear ſir, can he want who is already content; who lives within the limits of his circumſtances, and who has ſaid unto his deſires, *Thus far ſhall ye go, and no farther?* This is the end of all philoſophy, and poor is the philoſopher who has not gained this end. If a man preſerves ſuch a ſtate of mind, he acts agreeably to his reaſonable nature; if he does not, it were better as Lord B. ſays, that he wore a long tail, and went upon four legs. His Lordſhip recommends ſuch a condition as preferable to that of a man who ſhould not be permitted to make uſe of his reaſon; and pray where is

is the difference, whether the uſe of that faculty be reſtrained or neglected?

I KNOW a friend of yours, who has found out a ſcheme for evading two chriſtian duties, and I believe too it is an innocent one. Theſe duties are mortification and ſelf-denial. For his part, he never practiſes either of them, and he manages it thus. He neither covets his neighbours houſe, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor his aſs, nor any thing that is his. He looks upon the poſſeſſions of every man not only with an unenvious, but with an indifferent eye; by which means he avoids a thouſand mortifications, which his own curioſity, or the vanity of others, would daily bring upon him.

THIS, you will ſay, is a certain conſequence, but how came he by ſuch a ſtate of mind, or how does he manage it to be indif-

ferent to things which others purſue with ſo much eagerneſs, that they frequently forfeit their quiet, if not their virtue to obtain them? In that queſtion you have laid open part of the argument. He is of that poet's mind, who "thought it not worth his quiet to be "great." The road to power and preferment is often dangerous, almoſt always dirty. Can a mind that is conſcious of the dignity of human nature, and acts agreeably to it, ſneak whole years at the levee of a great man? Should he do it, he could not ſupport the ſenſe of his own meanneſs; or would habitual cringing take away the ſenſe of that meanneſs, heaven preſerve him from ſuch a ſtate of mind! How low would your poor friend be fallen! how deſpicable in your opinion!

SENSIBLE, that the ways and means of acquiring honours and dignities would be inconſiſtent

conſiſtent with his peace of mind, you would not wonder that he lightly eſteems them.

WHAT is there on earth that can have any value when it comes in competition with our quiet? Virtue is the only thing that can, becauſe, though it may coſt us ſome trouble and pains, it brings with it a large recompence.

BUT this is what no external enjoyments can boaſt. For what recompence can the gifts of fortune make us for the uneaſineſs they would coſt us to acquire them? The acquiſition might for a while ſoothe our vanity, but we ſhould ſoon perceive, with St. *Albans*, that riches have no real advantage except in their diſtribution.

THE philoſophy of your friend is not that of the fox, neither has he any *friarly contempt* of the gifts of Fortune. If the blind goddeſs

ſhould run againſt him in her courſe, he would not avoid her, but he will lay no trap for her. "No, poor Fortune," ſays he, "you are blind, and I will not deceive you. "Should you fall into my embrace, you "would be diſappointed. I am not of your "family. Your votaries, it ſeems, muſt have "*a little of the fool, and much of the knave**. "I am the reverſe. I have little of the "knave, and much of the fool. So, dear "Fortune, if you ſtumble upon me, it will "be your own fault."

Is not this an honeſt way of thinking; More honeſt than wiſe perhaps you will ſay. Be it ſo. But it is to his purpoſe to think honeſty wiſdom, for the ſame reaſon that he thinks contentment wealth.

He takes a due eſtimate of riches, and gives them credit for all they are worth. He

* Bacon's Moral Eſſays.

acknow-

acknowledges that they will not only purchaſe the conveniences but the elegancies of life; that they will aid the intercourſe of friendſhip, and enable a man to look forward to approaching age without the apprehenſion of want. This is all that any reaſonable man will allow them. On the other hand, they have inconveniences enough to ſet againſt theſe advantages. In a religious reſpect, they add a heavy load to the duties of life: In a moral ſenſe, they are dangerous, for they frequently overturn the virtues of temperance and humility, and eſtabliſh pride and luxury on their ruins. Though they may aid the intercourſe of friendſhip, they will endanger its ſincerity; for the ſunſhine of affluence engenders many reptiles, which deſerve rather the name of ſycophants than of friends.—— The friendſhip of the great muſt therefore always be tinctured with ſuſpicion; but *if a poor man has a friend, he is to him as a right*

hand, or a right eye. As the poet ſaid of his miſtreſs,

The ſmile of Fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here he knows that he is lov'd alone.

By this free and philoſophic way of thinking, your friend evades the duties I above-mentioned; and I beg you will give due credit to my ſincerity, when I aſſure you that there can be no *ſelf-denial* ſo troubleſome to me as that of declining your kind invitation, and that I know of nothing which could *mortify* me ſo much as your neglecting to write to me.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

From * * * *.

IT has often given me pain to behold the poor proviſion that is made for the younger clergy. When a perſon of a genteel education, perhaps of a genteel family, which is often the caſe, is confined to the miſerable pittance of thirty or forty pounds a year, what muſt he feel, if he has the leaſt ſenſibility? I never ſee a curate of a pariſh, either in town or country, without looking upon him as a perſon ſuffering under the very bad regulations of the eccleſiaſtical police. There are many ways, I think, by which this matter might be mended. I eaſily forſee that thoſe clergymen who are in poſſeſſion of livings would find it no difficult matter to give reaſons againſt advancing the ſtipend of their curates. And in many caſes, no doubt, their

pleas might be very juſt: But ſuppoſing that means might be found for advancing the income of livings, the beneficed clergyman might then be able to pay his curate more liberally. And I do not think that this would be a difficult affair. What, if an act of parliament could be procured for the better payment of vicarial tythes? This I am ſure of, that ſome ſuch act is neceſſary, for if I may form a general judgment, from my own private obſervation, I do not believe that two thirds of the value of vicarial tythes are paid throughout England. The value of every thing is greatly increaſed to the farmer, while the conſideration which the vicar receives for his tythes is frequently regulated by the eſtimate of former centuries.

SURELY the decent proviſion of ſo large and ſo reſpectable a body as the clergy, merits the attention of the legiſlature. It is impoſſible

impoſſible that ſociety ſhould ſubſiſt without divine ſanctions, and ſhall the miniſters of thoſe ſanctions be left unable to ſupport that dignity, which the nature of their office requires? Shall the thread-bare coat of a clergyman be the jeſt of the purſe-proud grazier or farmer, while he witholds his indiſputable rights? What ſtrange regulations are theſe? A taylor, a ſhoe-maker, an exciſeman, a common day-labourer has frequently an income equal to that of a curate, whoſe education and profeſſion entitle him to the character of a gentleman, and give him a right to keep the beſt company.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

YOU have read of a philoſopher who laughed but once in his life, and of another who never laughed at all. I am convinced that neither of theſe ſages could have reſiſted the riſible impulſe, had they met with an abſurdity like that of the Spaniſh poet who fell into my hands this morning. In a ſtanza on the nightingale, he ſays, *when I hear that little bird ſo vary and multiply its tones, I ſuppoſe that it has got a hundred thouſand other nightingales in its belly, that ſing through its throat.* But you ſhall have the paſſage.

Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
Aquel Ruyſeñor llora; que ſoſpecho
Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
Que alterna ſu dolor por ſu Garganta.

Of

Of all the hyperboles I have met with, this grave Spaniard's is the moſt ridiculous.

THERE are two kinds of poetry which afford me equal entertainment. If it be either very good or very bad, I am ſure to find my account in reading it, and the middling ſort only to me is intolerable. Somewhere or other I met with a poem, the ſubject of which was a party of pleaſure, or an excurſion to the coaſt of *Suſſex*; and the minute deſcriptions of the excurſive Bard, I remember, delighted me much. Deſcribing their party, he ſays,

> There were three amiable ſiſters here;
> Beſides, each ſiſter had a brother dear.

Sometimes he would riſe to the ſublime, as in the following couplet on the tea-kettle:

> The burning lamp, with ſpirits well ſupplied,
> Did ſwell the kettle in a boiling tide.

But

But deſcription ſeems to have been his talent. Speaking of the pleaſures of their journey, he repreſents the very ſteeds they rode upon as delighted.

> Our horſes too were pleaſed moſt ſenſibly,
> And prick'd their ears, and cock'd their tails on high.

With equal happineſs of expreſſion he deſcribes the honourable and gentleman-like ſentiments of the party.

> And when as long as well we could, we ſtaid,
> Then, without grudging, each his reckoning paid.

Now that you have ſeen part of the works of this extraordinary Bard, perhaps you may be curious to know his name. All that I can learn of it is from a couplet of his own, prefixed to his poetical works.

> Ye young in years, I dedicate to you
> All theſe my works, ſign'd E. and W.

I ſome-

I ſometimes imagine that there is a kind of poetical incubus which has violent commerce with innocent perſons, and makes them bring forth theſe miſhapen monſters of the mind.

AFTER the defeat of the rebels, the duke in his return from *Scotland*, called at *Corby* caſtle in *Cumberland*, a ſeat of Mr. *Howard*. The family was from home, and the gardener ſhewed the ornaments of the place to the duke, during which he took the liberty to tell him, that he had compoſed a poem on the gardens, ſtatues, &c. Here, ſaid his highneſs, are the ſtatues of *Cephalus* and *Procris:* What have you ſaid of theſe? To which the blue-aproned Bard replied;

He bent his bow, and ſhot at random,
And kill'd his wife for a *memorandum*.

LETTER XIX.

From * * *.

THE ſcurrilous terms of jilts, coquettes and prudes, ſo ungenerouſly applied to the fair part of our ſpecies were, doubtleſs, the invention of mortified impudence, or diſappointed vanity. To their praiſe be it ſpoken, they are always honourable, always conſiſtent, always ſincere. They never, like faithleſs men, ſhed the diſſembled or the deſigning tear.——Their tears, poor hearts! always flow from pity or from love. So one of their own ſex, Madam *Sevigné*, has aſſured us.——Another French Lady too, Madam *de L'Enclos*, has done and ſaid much for the honour of her ſex. She has proved to a demonſtration that what narrow-thoughted people ſay of the inconſtancy of women is all

all moonſhine; it being very clear that inconſtancy is the doctrine of Nature! Excellent woman! Far be it from me ever to let my cenſure fall upon the fair, but I think they are ungrateful to her memory, if ſhe is yet undiſtinguiſhed by temples and altars.

NATURE has always been partial to our ſex, and profuſe in her favours to the ladies of every country. She has not only armed them with the gentle and attractive graces, but inſpired their tender hearts with heroic reſolution and noble reſentment. Witneſs the never to be forgotten Madam *de Suzé*, who, when ſhe was happily rid of an odious huſband in this world, changed her religion, that ſhe might not ſee him in the next. What an extraordinary inſtance of *greatneſs* of mind have we in the celebrated *Chriſtina*, who could leave the important dignity

dignity of a throne, and the troubleſome cares of a nation's happineſs, to retire into the boſom of Science and the arms of the Muſes! to feed on the delicious praiſe of the ſons of literature, and enjoy the approbation of ſoothing abbots!

CAN any thing be more laudable than ſincerity, than the ingenuous acknowledgment of our weakneſs? And how many illuſtrious ladies of our own age and nation, have been remarkable for this! Why ſhould I mention *Vane* or lady *Mary*, or *Manly*, or *Behn* of open-hearted memory; or the celebrated *Conſtantia Philips*, whoſe noble ardour meeting with no ſuitable return from the inhabitants of this cold climate, was at laſt indulged by the more genial ſuns of *Jamaica*; whither ſhe greatly retired, to cheriſh her native fires, and *woo her ſable loves?*

It were eaſy for me to produce many other ſhining inſtances of female virtue; ſuch as, for your idle encomiums, I wiſh you may never have the honour to know.

LETTER XX.

WHAT could incenſe ſo polite a man as Mr. ****, againſt the moſt amiable part of the creation? Is it poſſible that a perſon of his ſenſibility can be diſſatiſfied with that charming ſex, againſt which he levels his ſatyrical irony?

THERE is, indeed, a ſpirit of reviling gone out againſt the fair part of our ſpecies, and if you are poſſeſſed with that, I muſt endeavour to conjure it out of you. Stand ſtill: Let me draw a circle around you—— And now I mutter my ſpell.

THE benevolent Author of the univerſe, conſulting only the happineſs of his creatures, has appointed variety of means to promote the ſweet union of love. Probably for this

end

end alone he conſtituted difference of ſexes. And what has he not done for the female of our own ſpecies to make her amiable in our eyes? All the ſoft and gentle graces, the ſweet ſmiles of winning beauty, the obedient bluſh of modeſty, the charming fears of dependent weakneſs, and the tender apprehenſions of the feeling heart, are for this purpoſe appropriated to that lovely ſex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expreſſive eyes, what delicate complexions are many of them diſtinguiſhed! Many of them, whoſe beauty is the leaſt of their praiſe: For theirs are the finer ornaments of the mind, ſenſe embelliſhed and humanized by an habitual ſoftneſs of manners, and knowledge collected from the labours of the Muſes. Theirs is the practice of every moral and ſocial duty. All the virtues that are founded in the ſenſibility of the heart are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of an-

gels, and friendſhip, the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breaſt. What a forlorn, what a ſavage creature would man be without the humanizing offices of the gentle ſex! How much are his mind and manners ſoftened and refined by the delicate paſſion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections, that he ſtudies all the elegant and embelliſhing graces? Does he not imitate her poliſhed manners, and acquire, as it were by ſympathy, her tender and delicate ſentiments? After the endearing union of their loves and intereſts, when mutual confidence has removed every apprehenſion, what are the pleaſures that he may not enjoy? How are his cares ſoftened, his proſpects brightened, his delights enhanced by communication! How ungrateful then, ſhould he reproach that amiable ſex, from which he derives in ſome meaſure, both his virtue and his happineſs!

WHAT do the ſeveral names that you have collected prove, but that women may have great talents, of which ſome of thoſe names will be a laſting monument? Many of them, indeed, behaved in a manner unworthy of thoſe talents, but probably their ingenuity was a ſnare to them; for libertines take a diabolical pleaſure in ruining the virtues they admire.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LETTER XXI.

CAN you tell me who was the author of that ſhort aphoriſm, *Happineſs begins at home?* If I knew his name, I would build a temple, or at leaſt dedicate a volume to his memory. Whether he were a courtier or a cottager, I am ſure that he was a wiſe man and perfectly acquainted with human nature. I never felt this truth ſo ſenſibly as at preſent. During my late peregrination, I was frequently amuſed, ſometimes pleaſed, but always diſſipated. Very different now that I am returned to my own apartments, my mind is perfectly at eaſe, and has recovered that even calmneſs, which, in my opinion, is preferable to all thoſe meteor-like pleaſures, which, after a momentary glitter, diſſolve in vapours. With what pleaſure do I now recollect

collect thoſe beatiful lines of Catullus, a tranſlation of which I beg you will receive inſtead of a longer lette r.

O quid ſolutis beatius curis!
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore feſſi, venimus larem ad noſtrum,
Deſideratoque acquieſcimus lecto.

O for the dear domeſtic hour,
When care foregoes the peaceful mind;
When tir'd with many a painful tour,
At length an eaſy home we find;
At length repoſe the weary head
Safe on our old acquainted bed!

LETTER XXII.

THE author of an Eſſay on Education, has reckoned among other ſpecies of poetry to which blank verſe may be adapted, the paſtoral. I do not remember to have met with any original pieces of the paſtoral kind in blank verſe, but I am nevertheleſs of opinion, that the thing might be attempted with ſucceſs. That ſpecies of verſe is indeed incapable of any thing vulgarly low or ruſtic, except in the burleſque way, but it is not on that account unqualified for the paſtoral. For can the ſcene of this poetry be ſuppoſed to lie among the boors, who till the fields and tend the flocks in our own days, among whom no poetry ever exiſted; and who, in point of underſtanding, are very little ſuperior to the cattle

cattle they ſuperintend? Without doubt the proper æra to which paſtoral poetry ſhould be referred, is that age of ſimplicity when the princes of the people were confeſſedly employed in the labours of the field; when ploughmen and ſhepherds were hiſtorians, poets, legiſlators, and aſtronomers. Such times there certainly were, if any credit is to be given to profane hiſtory; and, referred to ſuch times as thoſe, the paſtoral may be a compoſition of that dignity and ſimplicity to which blank verſe is ſo well adapted.

But you make it your queſtion, whether we cannot have a ſpecies of paſtoral poetry drawn from our own times? I anſwer No, if our own ſhepherds muſt be the Interlocutors. Beſides, tho' the face of nature is the ſame, the manners and cuſtoms of mankind are greatly changed; and what a ſtrange figure would thoſe of our peaſants make

in

in any kind of poetry except the burleſque!

Both Theocritus and Virgil found it neceſſary to draw their pictures of paſtoral life from times much higher than their own, and though they ſometimes introduced recent events in their Bucolics, it was with no more propriety than the ſhepherd's boy of Pope was introduced feeding his flock and ſinging his poliſhed ſong on the banks of the Thames.

But Theocritus was leſs guilty of this than any of his imitators have been; he does not often, in thoſe poems called paſtorals, draw the action from his own times; he ſometimes goes four or five hundred years higher for it.

Upon the whole, truth, nature, and propriety all plead for confining the ſubjects of the

the paſtoral to thoſe times of ſimplicity which we call the golden age.

I WILL conclude theſe obſervations with a ſpecimen of ſuch a paſtoral as I am here ſpeaking of, upon the merit of which, however, I ſhall not reſt the cauſe.

MENALCAS: a Paſtoral.

Now ceaſe your ſweet pipes, ſhepherds! ceaſe your lays,
Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
With your melodious love-notes! Die ye winds,
That o'er Arcadian valleys blow! Ye ſtreams,
Ye garrulous old ſtreams, ſuſpend your courſe,
And liſten to Menalcas ———

MENALCAS.

Come faireſt of the beauteous train that ſport
On Ladon's flowery ſide, my Delia come!
For thee thy ſhepherd, ſilent as he ſits
Within the green wood, ſighs; for thee prepares
The various wreath in vain; explores the ſhade
Where lowly lurks the violet blue, where droops,

In

In tender beauty, its fair ſpotted bells
The cowſlip: oft with plaintive voice he calls
The wakeful echo, wearies with thy name
The wakeful echo—What are ſtreams or flowers,
Or ſongs of blythe birds? What the bluſhing
roſe,
Young health, or muſic, or the voice of praiſe,
The ſmile of vernal ſuns, the fragant breath
Of evening gales, when Delia dwells afar?

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

YOU need not be jealous of my friendſhip, ſince, how well ſoever I may love the object of it, my heart will ſtill have room enough for you. Your concern for the peace of it, however, is kind; and I am perfectly of your opinion as to the general danger of entering into friendſhip with the ſofter ſex. I am well aware how eaſily the paſſion of the lover will take root in the affection of the friend, and what thin partitions form their bounds. When hearts are united in the warm and tender connections of friendſhip, it is not difficult to foreſee, in what ſuch a ſympathy between different ſexes might terminate. But, with theſe convictions upon me, can you think me

me in danger? Do not you think I ſhall guard every avenue to my heart with the utmoſt diligence? Indeed I ſhall; and I cannot but think myſelf ſafe, in this particular inſtance, for many reaſons. Should I fall, I aſſure you my fall would be involuntary; and, moreover, be aſſured, that, ſhould this be the caſe, you ſhall never know it.——You ſhall have no opportunity to plume yourſelf upon your ſagacity, nor gravely ſay, with a ſelf-approving pity, *I told you how this would end.* I own, however, I find ſuch a charm in the friendſhip of this amiable and accompliſhed woman, that I ſhould not know how to give it up, were I apprehenſive of the danger you mention.

THE queſtion you put, "Whether friendſhip can ſubſiſt at all between different

rent ſexes, excluſively of love?" I am intereſted in anſwering, and ſhall be as explicit as poſſible.

It is certain, that the admiration of great qualities or virtues in any perſon, is frequently an inducement to us to cultivate the regard and acquaintance of ſuch a one. Friendſhip may, therefore, have its origin in eſteem. For my own part, I believe that to be the genuine foundation of it; and that, friendſhip conſtructed upon any other principle, will prove but a building of ſtraw. I even look upon conſent of manners and inclinations to be a more uneſſential baſis of friendſhip than eſteem; and I have known two very dear friends, of tempers totally different, united upon this principle. Now, is it not poſſible that I may admire the ſame great qualities which I behold in you, in a perſon of a different ſex? If ſo, is it not

not equally poſſible that the eſteem conſequent upon this admiration may exiſt diſtinctly from every other ſenſation? Certainly it may, ſince it had not the ſex, but the qualities of the perſon for its object. This muſt be granted upon demonſtration; and will it be denied that the ſame cauſe muſt produce the ſame effects? Would not the ſame eſteem, which was the origin of my friendſhip with you, produce the ſame friendſhip for your ſiſter, or your grandmother, or any woman upon earth? The point is very clear, therefore let us leave it; and now turn your eyes upon the amiable lady who led us to the ſubject.

She is arrived at that period of life when women become the moſt agreeable friends. She is neither too old to be lively, nor too young to be grave, ſo that in either ſtate of mind ſhe appears equally graceful and unaffected.

affected. In her more ſerious moments, there is a mixture of tender melancholy and philoſophic calmneſs in her countenance, which is ſo expreſſive, that it ſerves for a comment on her thoughts. You read the approaching reflection in her eye, which, as Prior ſays, "Drops ſenſe diſtinct and clear." Her mind, however, is not the manſion of melancholy but of chearfulneſs; which, agreeably to the definition of Addiſon, exerts itſelf rather as a habit than as an act. In converſation ſhe ſhews the true politeneſs, for ſhe always endeavours to make it turn upon thoſe ſubjects, which ſhe thinks the moſt agreeable to you; and, though ſhe does not talk with brilliancy, ſhe talks ſenſibly on every thing. She is acquainted with the French and Italian writers, whoſe works ſhe reads in the original language, and is converſant with the politeſt and moſt elegant authors of our own country. Had her taſte

been early formed, and her ſtudies directed by proper perſons, both her knowledge and her judgment in the *Belles Lettres*, would have been more conſiderable than they are; but it is not yet too late for her to excel in theſe points, and whatever induſtry can obtain ſhe will obtain, for ſhe is indefatigable in her application to ſtudy. She poſſeſſes the native ſeeds of taſte and genius, the ſtrongeſt proof of which is her manner of writing, which is ſpirited and nervous. That charming ſenſibility which is the glory of the female nature, and makes that amiable ſex ſo properly the object of our love and tenderneſs, this lady poſſeſſes in a very eminent degree. I do not think I ſhall ſay too much if I apply to her what was ſpoken of another lady, that ſhe never beheld diſtreſs which ſhe did not pity, and never pitied when ſhe did not, if it was in her power, relieve. Her mind is naturally formed to be above every thing

thing that is mean or ſordid; her ſentiments are enlarged; and her heart, like her countenance, is open. I do not think that ſhe deſerves much praiſe for her virtues. They are conſtitutional, and not to practice them would be a violence to her nature. Her favourite ſcience is muſic, and in this ſhe excels moſt women that I have met with. She perfectly underſtands both the practical and theoretical part, and her expreſſion, unlike the general execution of ladies, is both bold and graceful. It perhaps may give you no favourable idea of her perſon, to tell you that ſhe appears to the greateſt advantage in a full dreſs, unleſs you have obſerved that it is the ſame with many ladies, who are reputed handſome. She is about the middle ſize of women, genteelly and proportionably form'd; her hair is a beautiful brown; her countenance neither round nor oval, but ſomewhat between both; her complexion is

freſh; and her eyes rather ſoft than vivid, but full of expreſſion.

THUS have I anſwered, if not ſatisfied all your demands.——And now, for ſupper, "With what appetite I may."

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

THOUGH our pleaſures always fall ſhort of hope and imagination, we are much more frequently deceived by the ſenſual, than the intellectual. The delights of friendſhip, memory and contemplation, ſeldom diſappoint us much in what we expect from them, particularly the two laſt, as they are entirely dependent on ourſelves. Indeed, were all people of your diſpoſition, who ſeem to devote yourſelf wholly to the inclinations of thoſe that love you, the pleaſures of friendſhip would be as certain as any other that we enjoy. Yet as we can but have few friends, and the company of thoſe few, perhaps, only occaſionally, the treaſures of the mind muſt be our great re-

ſource; and there is no faculty to which we are ſo much indebted for entertainment as the memory. I was led into this train of thinking by the pleaſure I received in a late viſit to the place of my nativity. The ſcenes of thoughtleſs gaiety and puerile amuſement, which I had ſo long ago forſaken, reſtored to my mind many pleaſing images which were connected with them. The romantic aſpect of my native country cheriſhed in my early years a kind of innocent enthuſiaſm; and the rude contraſt of rocks, and woods, and waters, impreſſed ſomething of their own wild irregularity on my imagination. When I reviſited theſe ſcenes you will ſuppoſe that they re-kindled in ſome meaſure that enthuſiaſm they firſt inſpired.

AN ODE

To the Genius of Weſtmorland.

Hail hidden Power of theſe wild groves,
  Theſe uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
  Where oft, as fades the cloſing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what ſacred cell,
  Coæval with the birth of time,
  Wrapt in high cares, and thought ſublime,
In awful ſilence doſt thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
  As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale,
  Moaning along the diſtant gale,
Has Fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
  Swift has ſhe ſeen thee glancing by;
  Or down the ſummer evening ſky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the ſacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breaſt.
Thoſe thoughts too high to be expreſt,
Genius, if thou didſt once inſpire;

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native ſhades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inſpir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

INCLOSED is a copy of the poem you requeſted. I have no ſcruple in furniſhing you with a prayer to the God of Wealth, becauſe I am convinced that you will never become his votary.

HYMN to PLUTUS.

Great God of Wealth, before whoſe ſacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame and worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wiſdom that frown'd, and knowledge fraught with care!
Friendſhip that every veering gale could move!
And tantalizing hope, and faithleſs love!
Theſe, theſe are ſlaves that in thy livery ſhine;
For wiſdom, friendſhip, love himſelf is thine!

For

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day;
For thee *Aſturia*'s ſhining ſands explore,
And bare the ſplendors of Potoſi's ore;
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging ſea,
And think, and toil, and wiſh, and wake for thee.

Farewell the ſcenes that thoughtleſs youth could
pleaſe!
The flowery ſcenes of indolence and eaſe!
Where YOU the way with magic power beguile,
Baſſora's deeps, or Lybia's deſarts ſmile.

Foes of thy worth, that, inſolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,
The frantic tribe of virtue ſhall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"
Away that anguiſh for a brother's woe!
Adieu to theſe, and every tireſome gueſt,
That drain'd my fortunes or deſtroy'd my reſt!

Ah, good AVARO! could I thee deſpiſe?
Thee, good AVARO; provident and wiſe?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've ſaid!
What heart ſo harmleſs as a heart of lead?

Yet,

Yet, yet I'm thine; while fame's unerring tongue
In thy ſooth'd ear thus pours her ſilver ſong.
" Immortal Plutus! God of golden eaſe!
" Form'd every heart, and every eye to pleaſe!
" For thee Content her downy carpet ſpreads,
" And roſy Pleaſure ſwells her genial beds.
" 'Tis thine to gild the manſions of deſpair;
" And beam a glory round the brows of care.
" To cheat the lazy pace of ſleepleſs hours,
" With marble fountains, and ambroſial bowers!"

O grant me, Plutus, ſcenes like thoſe I ſung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy ſtrung.
For me their ſhades let other STUDLEYS rear,
Tho' each tree's water'd with a widow's tear!

LETTER XXVI.

THE hymn to Plutus was only a kind of mock-worſhip, ſuch as ſavages pay to a power they hate, and in which the heart has no concern. However, to take off every unfavourable impreſſion which that hymn may poſſibly have left upon your mind, I here incloſe another, written ſince that, and addreſſed to a very different power.

HYMN to HUMANITY.

I.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
  Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
  Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY.

II.

II.

Come, ever welcome to my breaſt!
A tender, but a chearful gueſt.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-conſuming ſorrow dwell;
For ſorrow, long-indulg'd and ſlow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears ſenſibility away.
Then comes, ſweet nymph, inſtead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, ſtupidity.

III.

O may that fiend be baniſhed far,
Tho' paſſions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me ceaſe to know
The pulſe that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When ſorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from ſocial woes,
E'er make this pleaſing ſenſe depart.
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

IV.

If the fair ſtar of fortune ſmile,
Let not its flattering power beguile.
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full ſails ſwell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering ſtill it was but lent;
To modeſt merit ſpread my ſtore,
Unbar my hoſpitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

V.

If heaven, in every purpoſe wiſe,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' poverty's uneven road,
And, to ſupport the paſſing day,
Deſtin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, HUMANITY, ſtill true,
I'll wiſh the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that wanders by,
A ſoothing word——a tear——a ſigh.

VI.

Howe'er exalted, or depreſt,
Be ever mine the feeling breaſt.
From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And thro' the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending Vanity.
Alike, the fooliſh, and the vain
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

VII.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid!
Or, rais'd to heav'n, implor'd the bread
That thouſands in the deſart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave
Sigh'd and forget its power to ſave———
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

VIII.

It comes: It fills my labouring breaſt.
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!
To heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair.
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet HUMANITY!

IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part——to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Support them, ſweet HUMANITY!

X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
  Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
  Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY!

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. ——.

FROM ſcenes where fancy no excurſion tries,
Nor truſts her wing to ſmoke invelop'd ſkies;
Far from the town's deteſted haunts remov'd,
And nought but thee deſerted that I lov'd;
From noiſe and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only ſtays for thee.

What is that world which makes the heart its ſlave?
A reſtleſs ſea revolving wave on wave.
There rage the ſtorms of each uncertain clime:
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:
There hope's ſmooth gales in ſoft ſucceſſion blow,
While diſappointment hides the rock below.
The ſyren pleaſures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repoſe of death.

What is that world? at —— 'tis no more
Than the vext ocean while we walk the ſhore.

Loud

Loud roar the winds and ſwell the wild waves
high,
Laſh the rude beach, and frighten all the ſky;
No longer ſhall my little bark be rent,
Since *Hope* reſign'd her anchor to *Content*.

As ſome poor fiſher that, eſcap'd with life,
Will truſt no more to elemental ſtrife;
But ſits in ſafety on the green-bank ſide,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide;
Like him contented you your friend ſhall ſee,
As ſafe, as happy, and as poor as he.

LETTER XXVIII.

I DO not think it would be worth your while to form any poem on the new *Eloiſa*, for though the work has great merit, there is ſomething unnatural in the character of the Heroine. I have no patience with her when ſhe tells her lover that, were ſhe unmarried, and might chuſe her huſband, ſhe would prefer Mr. Wolmar to him——nay, more wonderful ſtill, if a widow, ſhe would not marry him! and all this is effected by I know not what ſudden fanatical impulſe. Theſe are unpardonable ſins againſt ſenſe and nature.

INDEED, to give you my free ſentiments; as to poetry, I think, *ſatis eſt potuiſſe videri*. You would certainly gain a more extenſive reputation,

reputation, and do more real ſervice to mankind by your proſe writings. Your bold, ſubdued and elegant ſtyle, would adorn any ſubject that the *Belles Lettres* can afford you; and I ſhould think you would find more entertainment in it, as you found leſs labour. Poetical and Platonic fancy might be abundantly indulged in the fields of allegory and imagination, at the ſame time that you were throwing ſome new and pleaſing light on the paths of virtue. Go then, my Plato, my congenial friend and philoſopher; explore the progreſs of truth and ſcience from the groves of Academus to the ſhades of Britain. ——Skilled in the hiſtory of mankind, you will be able to ſhew us the effects of learning on the ſeveral ſtates and nations of the world; to trace its light ſlowly advancing through the regions of barbariſm; to deſcribe it now growing dim through the decay of public ſpirit, and now reviving under the auſpices of

liberty. If you would write dialogues moral and hiſtorical, I am perſuaded you would ſucceed. Though you need no pattern of a chaſte ſtyle, it might not be amiſs now and then, to take up Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead. Many of the ſubjects indeed are common, but the noble author has given them an air of novelty, by an elegance of manner which is worthy of imitation.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

To Mrs. ****.

IT is with unaffected concern I hear the friendſhip which has ſo long ſubſiſted between you and Mrs. ***, is now likely to be diſſolved. Believe me, when I firſt received this information I could give it no credit. It is impoſſible, ſaid I, that the friendſhip of thoſe ladies ſhould be broken by any thing but death. Hearts ſo firmly united, ſo ſympathetically allied, can only be torn from each other by violence. But when repeated mention of this affair, and when my own knowledge of the diſcontinuance of your viſits had confirmed the truth of that report, which I moſt wiſhed to be falſe, I then concluded that this event muſt have been produced by ſome very unfortunate, but very material cauſe. That confidence had been betrayed,

or that treachery had been intended, that envy had burſt the bonds of affection, or that the ſure features of malignity had been diſcovered, I had not the leaſt doubt; but was ſtill uncertain as to the particular cauſe. It was not long, however, before this ſuſpence was taken off, and I was convinced from undoubted intelligence that the important cauſe of this affecting quarrel was nothing leſs than——an AFFRONT! Your ſex, indefatigable in enquiries of that kind, at length found out that an *affront* had been given and taken in the warmth of argument: even an *affront!* Had your quarrel been founded on ſome diſhonourable violation of the laws of friendſhip, I ſhould have been grieved; as it is, I am aſhamed. An affront! The very term is become deſpicable in any ſociety, but that of coquettes and coxcombs. For what ſhould be an affront to a perſon of ſenſe? Shall a haſty ebullition of wit be deemed an affront,

affront, becauſe it borders on raillery, or ſeems pointed with ridicule? Surely it merits not to be regarded: at leaſt it may be forgiven, becauſe its end was not to inſult, but to be admired. Such ſallies of humour are common to people of gay and volatile imaginations, and human vanity is ſometimes inclined to indulge them. They are certainly foibles, but I have known them to be the foibles of thoſe who, in other reſpects, had great merit.

A SEVERE expreſſion thrown out in the unthinking warmth of paſſion ought, in my opinion, no more to be eſteemed an affront than the effuſion of ſarcaſtic wit. The end of thoſe kind of expreſſions is indeed to give pain: But then, conſider the ſtate of the mind upon ſuch occaſions. Anger is, properly enough, ſaid to be a ſhort madneſs; for under its influence the empire of reaſon

is

is entirely overthrown. We ought therefore to regard the actions and expreſſions of a perſon, under ſuch circumſtances, in no other light than we would thoſe of a madman. But pride interferes, and unfortunately for us, has frequently the ſame influence over reaſon as anger itſelf.

I BESEECH you, madam, to let your good ſenſe interpoſe, and not to ſacrifice the valuable bleſſing of friendſhip to the madneſs of a moment. Be not miſled by falſe pride; but be aſſured that whoever makes the firſt approaches to a reconciliation, gives the matureſt proof of wiſdom. Were you the offender, to take the firſt ſtep towards a reeſtabliſhment of friendſhip would be ingenuous; as you are the offended, it will be generous.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

AS you are a friend to the theatres, I am ſurprized you never lift up your voice againſt thoſe formal figures called *the Three* UNITIES. They have amuſed the town with the words *truth* and *nature* and *probability*, till they have appointed ſuch narrow limits to dramatic compoſition, that *geniùs* dares not give free ſcope to his wing, for fear he ſhould ſoar beyond them. *Imagination* feels herſelf confined, and ventures not to exert her powers, while ſhe beholds the finger of art limiting the ſphere, and deſcribing the circle in which ſhe is to move. Such conſequences has the reign of theſe petty tyrants. And what have we gained by giving up ſo much?

A dull

A dull regularity, an inſipid conſiſtency. The bold flights of gothic genius are no more, and all is ſymmetry and exactneſs and proportion.

BUT it is to aid the credibility of the plot, it ſeems, that unity of time, place, and action is obſerved; and Horace ſaid long ago, *incredulus odi*. What! then, is *incredulus odi* Latin for the Three Unities? Did not the ſame poetical critic ſay, I am charmed with the Bard whoſe magic power *modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis*. What occaſion for the ſcene to lie altogether *in one apartment?* We muſt be ſenſible, if we are awake at all, that the whole repreſentation is a fiction. And why cannot we as well follow the imagination of the poet from region to region? It is ſtill but fiction, and, if it be *ſpirited* fiction, I am ſure it will not be without

without its effect. It is the ſame with regard to time.

But I have yet more to ſay againſt theſe Unities. Far from aiding probability, they generally wound it. It is amazing to ſee what a hubbub of wonderful events are crowded, in every modern play, into the ſhort ſpace of three hours. I remember, in a late comedy, there were two or three courtſhips projected, begun, carried on, and finiſhed; writings were drawn for which an attorney would have charged ten pounds, as the reward of manual labour; and the whole ſtate and ſentiments of a family were as much changed in three hours as they could have been in three years.

Nothing is more obſervable than that the accuracy of art has always been prejudicial to works of genius, and what they have

have gained in correctneſs they have loſt in ſpirit. It is evidently ſo in muſic: It is ſo with poetry in general, and with dramatic poetry in particular.

LET.

LETTER XXXI.

THE greateſt of all plagues is the plague of common ſenſe. The fool is happy in his ignorance, and the enthuſiaſt in his dream, the lover in his miſtreſs, and the coxcomb in himſelf; but what is to become of the poor man who has too much diſcernment to be *deluded* into happineſs, and is too wiſe to enjoy the bleſſings either of vanity or of folly? Were you, my friend, that perſon, poſſibly I might admire you, but I ſhould pity you more.——— And yet, by your declaiming againſt all imaginary pleaſures, I ſuppoſe you would have me think you ſuch. But of what kind, pray, are theſe pleaſures which you reſerve for

for yourſelf? Are they not imaginary?—— You hunt, fiddle, ſing and tell ſtories; and you are pleaſed with all theſe amuſements.——But in what does the pleaſure conſiſt? Is it in the hound, or the fiddle, or the ſong, or the tale? Is it not in the ideas you affix to thoſe objects? And, if ſo —Is it not imaginary? Aſk the ſober Citizen, whoſe chief pleaſure is, at ſtated times, to rectify his ſhop and ſettle his books, his opinion of your amuſements—— He will tell you that his own are fifty per cent more rational. Aſk a Methodiſt, or a Quaker——He will call your hunting an unrighteous work, your fiddle a vain piece of wood, your ſongs the ſongs of *Belial*, and your ſtories the workings of the old *Adam*. What is the reaſon of this, but that your ideas of theſe things differ from thoſe of the Citizen, the Methodiſt, and the Quaker? The pleaſures, therefore, which they

they give you are merely ideal, and ſo are all that we enjoy.

LAUGH no more then at me, nor at my imaginary commerce with the muſes. You ſhould rather rejoice with me that, when you and the reſt of my friends are weary of me, I can have recourſe to theſe airy beings for intellectual delight. We cannot always enjoy the converſation of thoſe we love: There are many hours when the mind muſt retire into itſelf, and refer to its own treaſures for ſupport. It is neceſſary therefore, to form mental as well as ſocial connections; and as the firſt are the leaſt liable to be broken, they are better worth our cultivation than the laſt.

THINK not, however, that I ſet an inferior value on the intercourſe of friendſhip, nor ſuppoſe that I prefer the ſociety of the muſes

to the company of my friend. If you rallied me on their acquaintance with a view to break it off, I can inſtruct you how to put your ſcheme in execution—Let me ſee you, and I will turn them out of doors.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

WHEN poor *Dryden* turned papiſt, his pious confeſſor made him walk ten miles with peaſe in his ſhoes, for writing the *Religio Laici*; were I your confeſſor, I would puniſh you for not writing at all. You ſhould be obliged to come from W—— to H——, without the aſſiſtance of *Crop*, the only horſe in the pariſh you dare mount, and to exclude wheels would be unneceſſary; for Sir J——s himſelf durſt not drive down *Cotter*. Your not *anſwering* my letter is a crime of the firſt magnitude, and ſuch as no good man was ever guilty of. Will you pretend buſineſs as an excuſe? that will not do, unleſs you can make it appear, that you have

more buſineſs upon your hands than ever *Cæſar* had. *Cæſar* was at the ſame time a general, an emperor, and an author; and yet you find *that he anſwered* the ambaſſadors, even while he was dictating to his ſecretary. No perſon of character ever did as you have done. You are a worſe friend than any of Job's *three*, who, bad as they were, never failed to anſwer. Nay, the very inanimate creation reproaches you. Trees, rocks, woods, hills, and gin-ſhops have given anſwers. Witneſs *Pope*.

Thee ſhall each ale-houſe, thee each gill houſe mourn,
And *anſwering* gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.

Witneſs Sir *William Temple*.

——We ſing not to the deaf;
An *anſwer* comes from every trembling leaf.

This

This fault of yours is become even a proverbial reproach; ſo that when any thing unpromiſing or worthleſs is mentioned, it is a common expreſſion, that ſuch a thing will never *anſwer*.

LETTER XXXIII.

I AM not at all ſurprized, to hear you expreſs ſo much pleaſure at the ſucceſsful growth of C—— Wood. It was your own hand that planted it, and nature to induce us to uſeful labours has wiſely annexed a peculiar pleaſure to our ſucceſs: So when *Cyrus* ſhewed his magnificent palace and gardens to *Solon*, he deſired him to attend more particularly to a ſtately grove, which bounded one part of the proſpect. That grove, ſaid the prince, gives me more delight than all the other ornaments of my ſituation, becauſe I reared it myſelf. But the delight with which you look upon thoſe flouriſhing trees does not, I ſuppoſe, altogether ariſe from your having planted them yourſelf. They form

form a kind of epoch in your life, and when you look back to their plantation, you think of many ſcenes of early enjoyment, the remembrance of which may ſtill be pleaſing. They may alſo have a moral uſe, and by marking the progreſs of time, remind you that you have advanced ſo much farther on the race of life. This is a truth we are very inclinable to overlook; for death, like an expiring lamp, ſeems always to recede as we approach.

But how far off, or how near the period of life may be, can be of little conſequence to you, who have long ſince diſcharged its duties, and have now only to enjoy the remaining hours in hope and quiet. For this, retirement is, no doubt, the proper ſcene, where

Life may ſleep, and learn to love her end;

Where the mind may, at leiſure, withdraw into itſelf, and the intereſts of immortality become its principal object; and where, by accuſtoming itſelf to abſtracted ſpeculation, it may, if I may ſo ſay, learn the art of exiſting when the body is no longer any part of its care. Agreeable to theſe ſentiments are the following beautiful verſes which I remember, though I know not where I firſt met with them:

O felix Studii, qui non ingloria ruris
Otia tutus agit; procul ambitione metuque!
Qui recolens quicquid dignum eſt ſapiente bonoque,
——————æternæ meditatur ſeria vitæ,
Gaudia deſpiciens moritura ——————

Had Mr. Cowley known theſe verſes, he would have inſerted them in his Eſſay on Retirement, and probably would have tranſlated them in ſome ſuch lines as theſe:

Happy

Happy the man who far from Fear's alarm,
Quietly lives on his own little farm;
Who thinks and acts in all things as he ſhou'd,
And ſtudies only to be wiſe and good;
Whoſe thoughts mount upward to their native
ſkies,
And ſcorn the bliſs, that only ſmiles and dies.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

YOU could not have greater pleaſure in the vigorous vegetation of your favourite grove, than I have had in the cultivation of a poetical genius; for I have lately received the moſt flattering proofs of my ſucceſs, in an Elegy which my young Poet wrote on the death of a friend, and fellow collegian. As you are always pleaſed with the efforts of a lively fancy, you will not be diſſatisfied with the following ſtanzas taken from the Elegy I ſpeak of.

——— Death with brow ſevere,
Deaf to the moving eloquence of woe,
Gloomily glad beholds a mother's tear,
And ſtrikes with ſurer aim the ruthleſs blow.

Oh!

Oh! had that hand witheld its hoſtile rage
From the dear object of a parent's prayer,
His filial love had chear'd her widow'd age,
And broke the ſpeeding darts of Time and Care!

Where now are fled thoſe ſcenes of ſocial eaſe,
By fancy form'd, remote from vulgar ſtrife?
Of ſmiling love, and calm domeſtic peace,
That ſcatter ſunſhine on the ſtream of life?

Where are the joys by flattering hope ſupplied,
Dear, diſtant dreams of yet unknown delight;
When health flow'd vigorous in the purple tide,
And fancy painted every proſpect bright?

O Death! laſt limit of our vain deſires!
What awful truths thy ſilent ſcenes diſplay!
By thy pale lamp the ſtar of hope expires,
And fancy cloſes her mechanic day.

I felt more ſenſibly this pleaſure, as I had myſelf the happineſs of communicating ſome ſatisfaction of the ſame kind to a worthy clergy-

clergyman, whom I call my poetical father. But the offering, as you will ſee, was not worthy of the ſubject.

LAMB, could the muſe that boaſts thy forming care
Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart,
Her hand for thee ſhould many a wreath prepare,
And cull the choiceſt flowers with ſtudious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy ſkill open'd, as thy lore refin'd.

Each uncouth lay that faulter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from EDEN's murmurs caught;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I ſung,
Though rude the ſtrain, though artleſs was the draught,

You wiſely prais'd, and fed the ſacred fire,
That warms the breaſt with love of honeſt fame;
You ſwell'd to nobler heights my infant lyre,
Rais'd the low thought, and check'd th' exuberant flame.

O, could the muſe in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' *Aonian* tree!
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

IS it really true that Nature has rendered variety neceſſary to enjoyment? There are undoubtedly ſome points to which it would be dangerous to extend the conceſſion; but where we may own it without any improper conſequences, I think we might as well give the rein to truth, and freely acknowledge it.

IT cannot, ſurely it ought not, to be altogether imputed to the weakneſs of man, that he is fond of change.—In thoſe circumſtances where conſtancy is not a virtue, nor the breach of it a crime, why ſhould the purſuit of variety be deemed a weakneſs?

WE find, by experience, that thoſe ſcenes, or objects, which have been often enjoyed, become

become inſipid; and if changing the ſcene, or varying the object, will throw any thing into the ſcale of enjoyment, let it, in the name of right philoſophy, take place; wherever, I repeat it, conſtancy is not a virtue.

YET there is a pride which frequently confines a man to what yields him no pleaſure; nay, ſometimes, to what makes him miſerable.—He will not change his circumſtances, or ſituation, becauſe then he muſt appear to have changed his opinion; and he will not change his opinion, becauſe that would be a proof againſt his infallibility.

WELL deſerved are the miſeries of falſe pride; and, indeed, I have known them in the laſt-mentioned inſtance ſeverely felt.—To continue obſtinately in the wrong with regard to objects of reaſon, or argument, may be the effect of natural or acquired pre-

judices, but to continue obſtinately unhappy for fear of the imputation of errour, is to incur the laſt degree of folly, to avoid being thought fooliſh.

Besides, the general charge of weakneſs on the purſuit of variety, or a frequent inclination to change, is, generally, as ill-founded. It is very ſeldom that a man can determine from ſpeculation, what will moſt effectually contribute to his own happineſs. —Our judgments in that caſe are uſually partial, and engaged in the intereſt of ſome prevailing paſſion; nay, they are many times miſled by a temporary inclination, which is no conſtituent part of our natural temper, and vaniſhes with the caſual objects that excited it. Thus we find ourſelves diſappointed in our purſuits, and, of conſequence, we engage in new ones.—To charge us with folly, or weakneſs for this, is nothing more

than to charge human nature with imperfection. Indeed, the end of wiſdom is the attainment of happineſs, and if we miſs her in one path, we have a right, upon the juſteſt and the wiſeſt principles, to purſue her in another.——There may be many who have found her, without occaſion or inclination to vary their purſuit; ſuch, though more fortunate, have been, perhaps, no wiſer than the friend you mention; for chance often directs more happily than human ſagacity.

LETTER XXXVI.

IT has been commonly obſerved, that none can enjoy the country ſo much as thoſe who are ſometimes accuſtomed to live in London. I was once unwilling to believe this, from a concluſion that no man could taſte the pleaſures of it in a more exquiſite degree than I did myſelf;—but I find, by experience, that I was miſtaken.——A long reſidence in town has endeared the country to me beyond expreſſion.—I find new beauties in every hill, valley, and hedge-row; I diſcover herbs and flowers to which, when I lived amongſt them, I was an entire ſtranger; and I obſerve a diſtinguiſhed and peculiar melody in the notes of thoſe very birds which, whilſt in their neighbourhood,

bourhood, I had heard a thouſand times without obſerving at all.

THIS romantic country delights me much, and is not unlike a ſcene in Theocritus, of a plain lying between the mountains and the ſea of Sicily.——It is a well-cultivated vale, ſtretching to the ſea on the ſouth, and on the north defended by a chain of high hills, from which you eaſily look over the channel upon the coaſt of France. Upon one of theſe hills are the veſtiges of an old Roman, or Britiſh camp; but, from the ſhape of the circumvallations, I am inclined to think it was the former. The air of the mountains is delightfully pure and ſerene; and I have been more exhilarated with riding upon their tops than I could have been with the warmeſt cordial.

IN one of my morning excurſions, I was delighted with the appearance of a beautiful

grove of poplars upon the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which was a ſmall but very clear ſtream. In wandering up and down the grove, I diſcovered, with no ſmall ſurprize, the following lines written with a pencil on one of the poplars:

Once to this beauteous poplar-grove,
A wandring ſhepherd found his way;
And tun'd his penſive lay to love,
For love inſpir'd his penſive lay;
Yet nought had Damon to complain
Of faithleſs vows, or proud diſdain,
Or unrewarded care;
His nymph was tender, faithful, kind,
The trueſt heart, the gentleſt mind,
But ah! ſhe was not there.

On another tree, in the ſame grove, I found the following ſtanza:

Ye ſhepherds that ſcorn to complain,
Or ſoften your muſic to woe,
May tell me, my ſorrows are vain,
But can ye forbid them to flow?

On the ſame tree, at a little diſtance, were theſe lines:

A green tree waves its old arms near my door,
For many an age a ſtream has murmur'd by;
I'm rich in fancy, tho' in fortune poor,
Content I live, and careleſs I ſhall die.

Theſe inſcriptions, ſo accidentally diſcovered, I thought curious; but my enquiries after the poet have hitherto been in vain.

LETTER XXXVII.

WE part with praiſe as with every thing elſe that is valuable, freely, when we have an equivalent for it, when we have not, with indifference, or reluctance.

UPON this principle it is, that, in the imitative arts, the expreſſion of human ſentiments has a ſtronger and more laſting effect than the deſcription of natural objects.—We are pleaſed with juſt repreſentations of nature in her viſible works; we are amuſed with the compariſon, and the artiſt draws from us a tranſient approbation, which we afford him not altogether unwillingly, becauſe he gives us an opportunity of flattering ourſelves upon our ſkill in comparing. We are pleaſed with the imitation, or the deſcription, not becauſe the poet, or the painter, have rendered

it

it juſt or ſtriking, but becauſe we are able to diſcover the reſemblance.

But faint is the praiſe we beſtow on thoſe objects which exerciſe only the judgment.—That poet, or that painter, alone can gain the heart, who addreſſes himſelf to its feelings. We are delighted, we are charmed with a ſimilarity of ſentiments. We love ſociety in what we feel. We are glad to find ſo many images of ourſelves in the minds of others, and we always reſpect them as ſuch.

Yet the particular and prevailing cauſe why we are delighted with theſe repreſentations of the inward oeconomy, is the peculiar relation they bear to our private intereſts.—When we are preſented with the images of what we felt, we conſider the picture in ſome meaſure as drawn from ourſelves, and

we praiſe the painter, not for his happy deſcriptions of human nature, but becauſe he has deſcribed us in particular.

HENCE it is, that, in exhibiting the low and guilty paſſions, an artiſt never meets with ſuch general, or ſincere admiration, as in deſcribing the nobler and more liberal ſenſations. We can give our approbation to juſt pictures of avarice, ill-nature, and envy; but theſe do not affect our own particular ſentiments.—We are convinced that we are neither avaricious, envious, or ill-natured. —The pictures may be well executed; they may obtain our approbation; but they do not carry away our hearts.

BUT let the painter exert his powers upon the beſt and nobleſt paſſions of human nature, —let him repreſent in life and action thoſe ſentiments which do honour to our reaſon and

our

our virtue,—let him draw lively pictures of generoſity, compaſſion, natural affection, &c. While we ſee human nature ennobled we find ourſelves happy, and though we may not poſſeſs the ſentiments deſcribed, in their utmoſt perfection, we ſhall flatter ourſelves, at leaſt, that we do, and ſtill conclude that the picture bears no very diſtant reſemblance.

A PAINTER who ſhould thus employ his art, would be not only moſt ſecure of praiſe, but might likewiſe have a claim to the title and the merit of a moraliſt.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ALL that in a former letter I have ſaid on the ſubject of painting is equally applicable to poetry; and, whatever their genius may be, both the poet and the painter will principally owe their ſucceſs to the happy choice of their ſubjects.

It would be in vain for a painter of the moſt diſtinguiſhed powers to hope for any laſting reputation, or any cordial praiſe, ſhould he content himſelf merely with drawing fruits or flowers. Let his execution be ever ſo admirable, it will obtain no more than a tranſient approbation. It is pretty, we own, to ſee thoſe objects ſo executed as to deceive the very animal creation, but it makes no further impreſſion upon us, and is ſcarce

ſcarce longer remembered than ſeen.—Yet, let a picture, infinitely inferior in merit, but upon the ſubject of thoſe paſſions that create the miſeries or the happineſs of our lives,—let ſuch a picture be brought before us, and we are immediately intereſted. The mind is buſy in the review of its own ſentiments, and the heart is appealed to by its proper feelings.

In poetical painting the caſe is juſt the ſame.—No poet can live upon the deſcription of external objects: They paſs through the imagination for a moment, and are gone; and though we have ſome deſcriptive poems which we ſtill read with pleaſure, they are, probably, indebted in a great meaſure, for their preſervation, to the pathos and ſentiment occaſionally intermixed with them.

Of this kind is the beautiful Elegy written in a Country Church-yard; for, though it may be called a deſcriptive poem, it enters ſo pathetically into the native feelings of the heart, that it muſt be read and admired for ever.

There is, perhaps, no poem in any modern language, that will afford more ſtriking inſtances in favour of the obſervations I have already made, than the *Gieruſalemme Liberata*. Taſſo, you know, paints in the higheſt colours, but how unintereſting are his moſt animated ſcenes till the characters are introduced, and the buſineſs of the heart goes forward. We no longer remember the prodigies of Armidas Gardens, when the fate of Rinaldo engages our attention.

How ſoon, in reading the ſtory of Phaeton, do we forget Ovid's magnificent deſcription

ſcription of the palace of the Sun!—We make our way through the blaze of glory to find the poor youth who is about to fall a ſacrifice to his ambition; and all the pompous diſplay of the celeſtial heights, through which he is to paſs, affects us no otherwiſe, than as it adds to the tremendous circumſtances of his fall. The fierceneſs and fiery diſpoſitions of the horſes of the ſun have ſome effect upon us, becauſe we tremble for the charioteer; but the ſplendor of the chariot is unaffecting, becauſe it is of no conſequence to his intereſt. When we come to thoſe exquiſite lines———

Pignora certa petis? Do pignora certa timendo,
Et patrio pater eſſe metu probor.

All that has paſſed before is perfectly indifferent; the poet there ſhews his power and carries away the heart.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

WO be to the man who is able to purchaſe every thing but his own approbation! What ſplendor! what magnificence! what natural and artificial beauty about the houſe we lately viſited! How palatial was that *ſuite* of rooms! what grandeur in the ſaloon! thoſe figures in *alto relievo* how admirably executed!——The pictures too, if not excellent, collected at an immenſe expence, and on that account at leaſt entitled to an ideal value.—But the Maſter!—the poor Maſter, was, certainly, the moſt deplorable figure:—The gloom of habitual diſcontent ſate on every feature, and gave its colour to every action and ſentiment.

WHEN

When I beheld ſo much miſery amidſt ſo many reputed means of happineſs, it excited, in ſome degree, my curioſity, and I was deſirous to learn the hiſtory of the man.

It is never difficult to obtain the minuteſt information concerning a worthleſs character. The circumſtances of a vicious conduct are recorded with a degree of induſtry, that, if the end were merely to expoſe and diſcountenance vice, would do honour to thoſe who are at ſuch pains to collect them.

For my own part, I had neither this nor any worſe motive for my enquiries, the reſult of which was as follows:

Sir ——— ——— was born to an eſtate of 7000 *l. per Ann.* He had the misfortune at the ſame time to have fools for his parents.—From the age of five to fifteen he had private

tutors

tutors under him.—From fifteen to eighteen he drove a phaeton between London and Oxford, and at that age he went to one of the inns of court, under pretence of learning to defend his property, but in effect to learn every thing that was truly deſpicable, or diſgraceful. He had naturally a weak underſtanding, but was at the ſame time ſelfiſh, a diſpoſition which was abundantly cheriſhed and encouraged by unlimited indulgence.——In conſequence of this, his early years paſſed between meanneſs and licentiouſneſs, both proceeding from the ſame principle, and the former always ſubſervient to the latter.—He was ever incapable of the ſentiments of love; but was, nevertheleſs, married at an early time of life to a lady of the moſt amiable ſenſibility, and the moſt reſpectable accompliſhments. His brutality ſoon broke her heart, and he ſought another match of equal advantage in point of fortune. Happily this time

time he married a woman who had neither virtue nor delicacy.—In leſs than a week they parted; but, fortunately, no divorce has taken place, and he is, therefore, incapable of committing any other matrimonial murder.—At preſent, without any inherent or acquired principles of taſte, he pretends to ſkill in the works of art, with which he is ſometimes honeſtly ſupplied, though at others he becomes the dupe of picture-mongers, &c. &c. But, without love, without friendſhip, without the capacity of intellectual entertainment, without generoſity to procure eſteem or attention, with an emaciated body and a barren mind, *no wonder he ſhould be the wretch he appears.*

LETTER XL.

Quanto il mondo hà di vago e di gentili,
Opraé d' Amore ———.

HOW much are we indebted to nature for the principles of our beſt virtues! To her we owe, not only the pleaſure we derive from delightful ſenſations, but even the happineſs which flows from the reflection of moral excellence.—Thoſe innocent enjoyments ſhe offers to our ſenſes have an influence on the mind; and the more happy we are in the indulgence of ſuch pleaſures, the more virtuous we become of courſe.

THE truth of this will appear in nothing more evidently than in the paſſion of love. *Guarini*, you ſee, makes it the ſource of all the graces; and I will venture at this moment

ment to conclude that your heart bears teſtimony to the propriety of his obſervation.—Have you not remarked, after the *addouciſſment* of the tender hour, how the whole ſoul is expanded, and what new influences of benevolence pour upon the heart? All then is the large and liberal wiſh for univerſal happineſs.—Love, the parent of all creatures, ſeems to unite her children in the ſame chain of affection; and when ſhe gives her offſpring their portion of happineſs, bids them reſpectively remember their brethren.

It is ſomewhere or other remarked of a noted beggar, that he never ſaw a lover with his miſtreſs without applying for relief, and that he was hardly ever unſucceſsful in his application. But the writer, who has at the ſame time aſſigned the reaſon for it, perhaps, knew not ſo much of love as the beggar himſelf; for he only obſerves, that they would

relieve him to be free from his importunity. —I am of opinion that the mendicant was a better philoſopher than the author, and knew very well that the heart of a lover would be moſt eaſily open to charity.

One of the firſt miniſters of Amurath the Third was diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge of the human heart, and was, indeed, no leſs a philoſopher than a politician.—When he had any thing to propoſe to his maſter in favour of his ſubjects, which, he ſuppoſed, might create a difficulty, he always took the opportunity of addreſſing him, when he came from the embraces of a favourite miſtreſs.

Think, my cautious friend, no longer of the inconveniences, but turn your eyes upon the pleaſures of love.—If it will make you happy, it is your wiſdom to embrace it; if it will make you virtuous, it is your duty.

G.R. III. BR. MUS.

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